



THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

HE QUELLS A RIOT.

"Flynn," said the captain to the policeman of that name, "I'm going to give you the 'cripple beat' and see what you can do with it."

Policeman Flynn nodded gravely. He knew the cripple beat by reputation, and he realized that to be assigned to it was a compliment to his prowess. It lay in a district in which there were two rival factions of rowdies, who had nothing in common except an inborn hatred of the police, and it derived its name from the fact that more policemen had been temporarily crippled on it than on any other one beat in the city. The rowdies clashed at frequent intervals, and, in the general fight that invariably ensued, windows were smashed and the lives of all in the immediate vicinity were put in jeopardy by the flying missiles. Arrests were frequent, and the patrol wagon had made so many trips to that neighborhood that the horses just naturally turned in that direction when they left the barn. If a single policeman endeavored to interfere when a battle was in progress, he went to the hospital in an ambulance; if a squad arrived on the scene, the warring factions scattered, and the fact that a few participants might be gathered in had no lasting effect on existing conditions.

"I'm to ha-ave a thrial on th' cripple beat," said Policeman Flynn somewhat dejectedly when he made his daily report to his wife.

"I'll lay in a sup-ply iv arniky an' sprints an' pla-asters this very da-ay," was her far from consoling reply. "Bad luck to thim, why do they put a little felly like you to doin' a big ma-an's work?"

"F'r because," answered Policeman Flynn, with some pride, "pluck an' rnyssorce is not decided by a fut-rule or a pair iv schales. Th' capt'in says to me, he says: 'I've thried th' big min an' they've not been akel to th' job, an' 'tis nysarry f'r to take th' sta-arch out iv thim r'tous fellees some wa-ay.' So 'tis f'r me to take th' sta-arch out iv thim, but I wisht he'd tol' me how to do it."

"There's only wan wa-ay I know," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'Tis astonishin' to me ye haven't tin iv thim," returned Policeman Flynn, sarcastically.

"Give me ye-er collar," commanded Mrs. Flynn, by way of reply.

The policeman looked surprised, but he took off his nicely starched collar and handed it to her. She promptly dipped it in a basin of water and then held it up for his inspection.

"'Tis done," she announced.

Policeman Flynn scratched his head and departed in a thoughtful mood. "She has a gr-reat head on her, f'r sure," he soliloquized. "If I iver r-run short iv ca-ash I'll rint her out to a com-ty iv wa-ays an' means."

The first few days passed uneventfully on his new beat. The clash that had resulted in temporarily incapacitating his predecessor for work had been followed by the arrest of some of the rowdies, and the others were disposed to be quiet. Policeman Flynn put in the time making a study of the situation. He knew that they were watching him, and, like a good general, he desired to familiarize himself thoroughly with the locality in which his battle or battles were to be fought. It was perhaps a week after he had begun patrolling the beat that the first conflict came, and he announced the result when he reached home by the simple statement, "'Tis done."

"What's done?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Me fir-rt job," replied Policeman Flynn. "Ye see, 'twas this wa-ay," he went on. "Th' la-ads have been sizin' me up an' waltin'. They's no fightin' whin a new po-lis-man shows up till they ha-ave a thry at him, an' they tuk a chanst at me this da-ay. Oho! 'twas a big felly that sta-arched it all be ta-alkin' har-rd to me. 'D'ye think ye'll r-run this beat?' he says. 'I'll thry,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave ye-er wor-ck cut out f'r ye,' he says, 'ye little bit iv a sawed-off match.' 'If ye touch th' match,' I says to him, 'ye'll find ye ha-ave hold iv the sulphur ind.' 'Shall I ha-and him wan?' he says to th' others. 'Sure,' says they to him, but 'twas too late. While we was ta-alkin' I'd wor-rked him r-round till I had his ba-ack to th' horse-trough in front iv th' say-loon where they'd shtopped me."

"An' what did ye do thim?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"With wan push," answered Policeman Flynn, "I tuck th' sta-arch out iv him."

"They'll murder ye f'r that," said Mrs. Flynn. "Bad luck to thim all, I wisht ye'd never been put on th' beat." However, by keeping his eyes open

Flynn was able to guard against any sudden attack, and they showed no disposition to go at him openly.

"But you'd better watch out for them when the two gangs have their next scrimmage," cautioned the sergeant. "If they can get a policeman in it they'll quit fighting each other to do him up. Just remember to call the wagon the first thing."

"If I ha-ave time," answered Policeman Flynn, carelessly. "'Tis not f'r spoor that I've been shtydin' th' lay iv th' la-and an' makin' fri'nds iv th' la-ads in th' injine house."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the sergeant.

"L'ave that to me," replied Policeman Flynn.

The real conflict came two days later, and it was not Policeman Flynn who sent in the call for the patrol wagon. He was too busy. Something had happened to rouse one of the factions to action, and it started out in search of the other, while Policeman Flynn hastily made preparations in a side street that the mob would have to pass, but where he was concealed from view as it approached. Others had leisure to call the wagon, however, and it came on the run.

Policeman Flynn was found standing like a conquering hero, leaning on the big nozzle to a lead of hose that he had borrowed from his friends in the engine house on the corner, but otherwise the street was almost deserted.

"What's the trouble?" asked the driver, as he pulled his horses up.

"What stra-ange idees ye get!" returned Policeman Flynn. "I've had no throuble at all. There was a few la-ads come down th' shreet a bit ago lukkin' f'r throuble, but they've gone awa-ay."

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"I dunno f'r sure," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 'tis me imprission they've been hung out on th' line f'r to drhy so's they can be sta-arched up ag'in!"

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NAPOLION'S MANY ESCAPES

Reckless of Danger, the Great Soldier Was Wounded Many Times.

In reply to the question in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest danger of losing his life Napoleon once said, "In the commencement of my campaigns." Indeed, if further proof were demanded to show that he did not spare himself at Toulon it is only necessary to add that during the ten weeks of its siege Napoleon, in addition to a bayonet wound in his thigh, had three horses shot under him, while at the siege of Acre during the expedition to Egypt he lost no fewer than four in the same manner.

During the last days of his life, when captivity, disappointment and sickness had well nigh completed their work, it is said that the agony of his fatal disease drew from him on many occasions the pitiful cry of, "Why did the cannon balls spare me?"

During his long military career Napoleon fought 60 battles, while Caesar fought but 50. In the early part of his career he was utterly reckless of danger while on the battlefield, and this spirit of fearlessness contributed largely to the love and esteem in which he was held by his armies. There was a curious belief among the English in Napoleon's time that he had never been wounded, and indeed the report was current that he carefully if not in a cowardly manner refrained from exposing himself. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth, for he was in reality several times severely wounded, but as he wished to impress upon his troops the belief that good fortune never deserted him and that, like Achilles, he was well nigh invulnerable, he always made a secret of his many dangers. He therefore enjoined once for all upon the part of his immediate staff the most absolute silence regarding all circumstances of this nature, for it is almost impossible to calculate the confusion and disorder which would have resulted from the slightest report or the smallest doubt relative to his existence. Upon the single thread of this man's life depended not only the fate and government of a great empire, but the whole policy and destiny of Europe as well.

Escape on Beer Barrels.

Six Frenchmen who were discovered a short time ago on a remote part of the island of New Britain in the South seas say that they escaped from the penal settlement of Noumea on a raft constructed of staves of beer barrels and sailed 2,000 miles on it.

SAVED BABY LYON'S LIFE.

Awful Sight from That Dreadful Complaint, Infantile Eczema—Mother Praises Cuticura Remedies.

"Our baby had that dreadful complaint, infantile Eczema, which afflicted him for several months, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold and constant misery, in fact, there was nothing we would not have done to have given him relief. We finally procured a full set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about three or four days he began to show a brighter spirit and really laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was fully recovered. Praise for the Cuticura Remedies has always been our greatest pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the most awful sight that I ever beheld, prior to the treatment of the Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Maebelle Lyon, 1826 Appleton Ave., Parsons, Kan., July 18, 1905."

Artistic Marriage Certificates.

The smart wedding invitation or announcement is engraved as simply as possible nowadays, but if the bride wants elaborate treatment of her marriage certificate she can have it. These may be done by hand and beautifully illuminated on parchment or Japanese vellum, and some brides are having theirs framed and hung in the boudoir.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained; by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.